

THE  
Royal Shepherd.  
AN  
ENGLISH OPERA.  
With ALTERATIONS.

As it is PERFORMED at the  
THEATRE in *Smock-Alley*.

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DUBLIN:  
Printed and sold at the Theatre in *Smock-Alley*.  
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DUBLIN

## The A R G U M E N T.

**A**MONG the most celebrated Actions ascribed to *Alexander* the Great, may be well ranked, that of his delivering the Kingdom of *Sidon* from the Tyrant *Strato*; and instead of taking the Dominion himself, restoring the Crown to the next lawful Heir, who, ignorant of his Pretensions to it, liv'd as a Shepherd in the Country near *Sidon*; of which a more particular Account may be found in *Quintus Curtius*. Book 4. Chap. 10.

The Superstructure of the Fable raised on this historical Foundation, will be seen in the Course of the Drama.

## S C E N E.

The Country near where the *Macedonian* Army is encamped, and in Sight of the City of *Sidon*.



## Dramatis Personæ.

*Alexander*, King of *Macedon*. Mr. *Peretti*.

*Amintas*, a Shepherd; who,  
unknown to himself, is } Mr. *Tenducci*.  
Heir to the Crown of  
*Sidon*, in Love with *Eliza*.

*Agenor*, a Nobleman of *Sidon*;  
Friend to *Alexander*; in } Mr. *Wilder*.  
Love with *Thamiris*.

*Eliza*, a noble young Lady  
of an ancient Family of } Sig. *Cremonini*.  
*Cadmus* in *Phœnicia*, loves  
*Amintas*.

*Thamiris*, a fugitive Princess,  
Daughter to the late Ty-  
rant *Strato*, disguised in } Miss *Thomas*.  
the Dress of a Shepher-  
dess; loves *Agenor*.

*Sidonian Nobles*, *Shepherds*, &c.



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THE  
*Royal Shepherd.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*An extensive Plain. Shepherds keeping their Flocks,  
Amintas is discovered near the Front of the Stage.*

A I R.

Amintas.

**W**ELL, I know, thou friendly Strain,  
What thy gentle Murmurs mean.  
In their Accents soft they say,  
Why does Eliza keep away?

*Enter Eliza. Amintas, seeing her, throws down the  
musical Pipe, and goes to meet her.*

Eliza. Amintas!

Amin. Ah, fair Eliza! is it you I see?  
Fond Idol of my Soul, what brings you here?

A 3

Eliza.

*Eliza.* To seek you, dear *Amintas*, am I come.

*Amin.* Heav'n guard your Steps!

But, ah! reflect, *Eliza*,  
That *Alexander's* hostile Camp is near;  
And that the *Macedonian* Arms around  
Spread Fear and Death——

*Eliza.* You wrong your Conqueror's Virtue.  
Great *Alexander's* Army is our Guard:  
*Sidon*, he from a Tyrant came to free,  
Nor means his promis'd Liberty to cancel  
By seizing on the Throne—He has refus'd it.

*Amin.* Who's then our King?

*Eliza.* Who but the lawful Heir?  
Somewhere, 'tis thought, he secret lives unknown,  
Inconscious of his Dignity.——

*Amin.* But where?

*Eliza.* Leave that to *Alexander*—But to us  
Matters of more Import, I came to tell you.  
At length, propitious to our Loves, my Mother  
Seconds my Wishes, and from my kind Sire  
Doubts not to gain Consent.

*Amin.* Ah me!

*Eliza.* Why heaves that Sigh?

*Amin.* O cruel Fates!

You, fair *Eliza*, high Extraction boast,  
While I, alas! a Shepherd, know not mine——  
Can you for me resign your noble State?  
Or what have I to offer in Return  
Beside a scanty Flock and humble Cottage?

*Eliza.* Of Heav'n complain not: Wise it is and good;  
Lavish of choicest Gifts: What though to thee  
Purple and Gold it has deny'd? That Form,  
Those Eyes of Love it gave, that modest Look,  
And oh! that faithful Heart, that conquer'd mine!

*Amin.* My Life! my Light! my Soul!  
What Joy supreme do Words like thine inspire?

*Eliza.* Soon, soon, no more  
Shall we thus separate! but happy Days  
Shall jointly bless us, still together found.

AIR.

**Eliza.** *To the Wood, the Field, the Fountain,  
To the Lawn, the Dale, the Mountain,  
I my darling Flock will guide,  
With Amintas by my Side.*

*Humble though our Cottage be,  
Ever dwelling there we'll see  
Constancy with Pleasure join'd;  
Innocence with Peace of Mind.*

[Exit.

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*Amintas solus.*

*Amin.* Forgive, ye Gods, my Murmurs so unjust ;  
 For surely, if on Earth there's Happiness,  
*Amintas* now is most completely blest.

*Enter Alexander with a small Attendance, and Agenor.*

*Agen.* (*softly to Alexander*) This is, great Sir, the  
 Shepherd whom we seek.

*Amin.* While thus entranc'd in Joy, I my Flock forget—  
 (*is going.*)

*Alex.* Turn hither, Stranger.

*Amin.* Sir, I attend your Pleasure.

*Alex.* A Moment of Discourse allow me, Youth ;  
 His Air how noble. (*aside to Agenor*) Your Name ?

*Amin.* *Amintas.*

*Alex.* And your Father's what ?

*Amin.* *Alceus.*

*Alex.* Lives he as yet ?

*Amin.* Alas ! five Years are past  
 Since he to Nature paid the Tribute due.

*Alex.* Say, what Inheritance bequeath'd he then ?

*Amin.* A Cot, a few Sheep, a small Extent of Land ;  
 But above all, a calm contented Heart.

*Alex.* Amidst the Dangers of surrounding Squadrons,  
 What can defend you ?

*Amin.* Fearless Poverty.

*Alex.* Thoughts so exalted in such Breast surprize,  
 And charm me equally.—To *Alexander*  
 Let me conduct thee, Shepherd.

*Amin.* No.

*Alex.* Why not ?

*Amin.*

*Amin.* Me from my fleecy Care he may detain :  
I am not worth his Notice ; he founds great Empires,  
I till a little Field.

*Alex.* Yet Heav'n, perhaps,  
May in a Moment change your Fate—

*Amin.* It may.  
At present 'tis its Will that I'm a Shepherd.

A I R.

*Amin.* A Shepherd though I am, what then?  
That Shepherd's State so low  
I'd not exchange for Rule o'er Men,  
Or wish more great to grow.

But if, against my own Desire,  
Heav'n should exalt my State,  
Heav'n will exalted Thoughts inspire,  
And fit me to be great.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Alexander, Agenor.*

*Agen.* Great Sir, what say you now ?

*Alex.* That *Sidon's* Heir lives in that Youth conceal'd ;

'Tis then but ju't to yield him up  
His Birth-right and his Throne.

*A I R.*

*Alex.* Thus a Cloud expanding wide  
From the Earth the Sun may hide ;  
And, with Light'ning fraught around,  
Menace the dry parched Ground.

'Till with wat'ry Vapours fill'd,  
Forc'd at length its Stores to yield,  
It dissipates in kindly Rain,  
And fertilizes all the Plain.

[Exit.

SCENE



## SCENE IV.

*Thamaris in the Dress of a Shepherdess, Agenor.*

*Tham.* Agenor!

*Agen.* What do I see? -- O Heav'n!

*Thamaris,* Princess! can it then be you  
In this Disguise?

*Tham.* 'Tis to this Dress my Liberty I owe.

*Agen.* How have I wept, alas! and vainly sought you?  
But where, *Thamaris*, have you lain conceal'd?

*Tham.* The fair *Eliza*, yet, has giv'n me Shelter;  
And now I wait your Aid for my Escape.

*Agen.* Princess, by me be better counsel'd. Come  
With me to *Alexander*.

*Tham.* What! can I bear his Sight, who kill'd my  
Father?

*Agen.* O much you wrong his Worth. Your Fa-  
ther, proud,  
Disdain'd to ask a Victor's Clemency;  
By his own Sword he fell. Alas! you know not  
Great *Alexander's* Mind.  
Now I attend him.

*Tham.* But e'er you go, O say, if in your Heart  
*Thamiris* holds her Place.

## A I R.

*Agen.* Why ask me, Fairest, if I love?

*Those Eyes so piercing bright*  
*Can ev'ry Doubt of that remove,*  
*Nor need you other Light.*

*Those Eyes full well do know my Heart,*  
*And all its Workings see.*

*E'er since they play the Conqueror's Part,*  
*And I no more was free.*

[Exit:  
SCENE

SCENE V.

*Thamiris sola.*

Thanks to the Gods! *Thamiris* still is blest,  
What, tho' my Throne into a lonely Cottage  
You've chang'd, and given me, for the Royal Purple,  
This rustic Garb, my Lover's Heart you've left me.

*A. I. R.*

*The many dreadful Storms blown o'er  
Already I've forgot,  
My Lover's Looks the Calm restore,  
And Peace is now my Lot.*

*What though awhile my Stars severe  
My Quiet did annoy;  
My Heart that shudder'd then with Fear  
Is flutt'ring now with Joy.*

*[Exit.]*

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Alexander and Agenor following in Proceſſion by Royal Guards, and the Nobility of Sidon, bringing on Veffels of Gold, the Inſignia of Royalty, the Mantle, Crown, Sceptre, &c. &c. &c.*

*A March.*

Attend, *Agenor*, on our ſov'reign Will.  
*Amintas*' Virtues call him to the Throne,  
 The Gods by me confer it; have him crown'd.  
 The Crown will take new Luſtre from his Virtues,  
 By Heav'n! it more delights my tow'ring Soul,  
 To beckon modeſt Merit from the Shade,  
 And bleſs a Nation with his Royal Worth,  
 Than ſee *Darius* tumbling from his Throne,  
 And all his *Aſian* Empire laid in Ruin.

## S O N G.

*Ah, ſay, from whence ariſe,  
 Sayye, who know it beſt,  
 Theſe tender heaving Sighs;  
 Theſe Tumults in my Breſt:  
 This ſoft, conſuming Flame,  
 That thrills through all my Frame.*

[Exit.]

B

SCENE



## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Amintas and Eliza. Agenor runs to meet him.*

*Age.* From me, the faithfullest of humble Slaves,  
This first of Homages, great King, receive.

*Amin.* Why this to me?

*Age.* Great Sir,  
Permit me thus to pay due Honours to you,  
And let me, to yourself, yourself reveal;  
No more *Amintas*' Name shall meet your Ear,  
Heir and Successor to the Crown of *Sidon*!

*Amin.* Can this be true?

*Age.* Most true; your noble Father  
Depos'd, committed to my Guardian Hand  
Your princely Youth. It was his Will and Pleasure  
That I to you your Birth should ne'er reveal,  
Until the Gods in their own gracious Time  
A Way should open for you to the Throne.  
That fair Occasion *Alexander*'s Goodness  
Has offer'd to my Hopes.

*Eliza.* Transcendant Joy!

O Heavens! is *Amintas* then a King?

*Amin.* A King

*Age.* A King; *Amintas*, *Alexander* waits  
With his own Hand to crown you; and now sends  
By me this Mark of Royalty. These are  
Your Guards and Servants, come without Delay.

## C H O R U S.

*Let us in jocund Song resound  
The good Amintas' happy Fate;  
May such high Worth be ever crown'd,  
And those as virtuous be as great.*

*Agenor*

*Agenor solus.*

*The Homage now his Right has prov'd,  
To me he's ever dear;  
Him whom a Shepherd much I lov'd,  
A King I now revere.*

2.

*His Virtues call'd him to the Throne,  
And Millions bless the Choice,  
Great Alexander did alone  
Confirm the Nation's Voice.*

# CHORUS.

*the End of the Chorus Agenor and the Nobility of  
Sidon form with the Shepherds a Procession, and go  
off in the same Order they entered.*

B 2

SCENE

## S C E N E VIII.

*Amintas, Eliza and Guards, which remain to attend*  
*Amintas.*

*Eliza.* *Amintas*, do I dream? can this be real?  
 Art thou indeed our King? what can this mean?

*Amin.* It means that Heav'n has bid us both be happy:  
 That thou art Queen of *Sidon*; and I am  
 Of all Mankind most blest! Because thy Smile  
 Shall on my Throne reflect a brighter Lustre;  
 Why droops my dearest Love? alas you seem  
 To mourn my Fortune.

*Eliza.* Dear *Amintas*,  
 None at your Fortune can like me rejoice---  
 But ah! the Hearts of Kings are not their own;  
 Some high descended Princess may, ev'n now,  
 Require your Royal Hand.

*Amin.* No more, my Life, those tender Fears up-  
 braid me;  
 And were unkind, did they not spring from Love.

*Eliza.* My Heart  
 O could you see how much it bounds for Joy;  
 And yet---

*Amin.* Dearest *Eliza*, quiet these false Fears;  
 And think not that the Soul of your *Amintas*  
 Can ever sacrifice his Love to Empire.

## D U E T T O.

*Eliza.* Go reign---The Throne awaits my Love,  
 But oh, if that can be,  
 Preserve your Heart for me.

*Amin.* Though I should reign, I'll faithful prove;  
 Yes, on the Throne you'll find  
 Your Shepherd ever kind.

*Eliza.* Shepherd! My King you're now.

*Amin.* How cruel is your Fear?

*Both.* { Ye Pow'rs, whom we revere,  
 To Love so pure some Favour shew,

*End of the first ACT.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Amintas in his Royal Robes, with Attendants, in the  
Inside of one of Alexander's Tents, in his Camp.*

A I R.

Amin.

**C**O M E, ye Hours, with Joy replete,  
Ob bear me to Eliza's Feet:  
Cease ye feather'd Choirs your Strains,  
Your chearful Notes augment my Pains.  
Come, ye Hours, &c. Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Love, Jealousy and Care distract my Soul!  
A thousand struggling Passions rend my Breast!  
Imperial Toil, and disappointed Love.  
Full fraught with Scorpions is my tortur'd Breast!  
I cannot bear th'intolerable Load.  
Give me Eliza, Gods! or let me die!  
Banish'd her Sight, Life is protracted Pain;  
Come, instant Death, and in thy frozen Arms:  
Let me forget my Woes, and rest in Peace.

A I R.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,  
Which no real Toys impart,  
Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,  
Did I fix my youthful Heart.

II.

Not Eliza's perfect Feature  
Did the fickle Wand'rer bind;  
Nor her Form, the Boast of Nature,  
'Twas alone her spotless Mind.

Not on Beauties, &c.

[Exit with Attendants.]

B. 3.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Alexander's Pavilion, and a distant Prospect of the Macedonian Camp, with Out-posts of Guards. Eliza, leading Thamiris by the Hand, who follows timorously.*

*Eliza.* Take better Heart--- come on--- consider well,  
Your future Bliss depends on this Attempt.  
If to *Agenor* now you don't impart  
Your settled Purpose, it may be too late.

*Tham.* Alas! of *Strato* am I not the Daughter!  
And are not these the hostile Tents of *Macedon*?  
If I'm discover'd, Death I must expect --  
Oh, let us fly!

*Eliza.* Resign vain Fears! *Amintas* I pursue,  
And Fear is now a Stranger to my Heart.

A I R.

*Tim'rous Fair, no more Debate,  
Resign thyself to Fate;  
Thy Passion quite disclaim,  
Suppress the tender Flame;  
Mine Burns till Fortune move  
Some Pity from above.*

[going.]

*Tham.* O stay, *Eliza*, leave me not alone,  
Your Courage has dispell'd my Female Fears.

*Eliza.* Follow me then.

*Tham.* Alas! I cannot follow!  
My coward Heart betrays my great Design.

A I R.

*Tham.* Tell, oh tell, my Lover true,  
What I, in vain should strive to say;  
Well my Heart is known to you:  
It's Sentiments do you convey.  
What my Soul feels, can I explain,  
When all expression 'tis above,  
But you know my Cause of Pain,  
And know besides what 'tis to love.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Eliza.* This is the royal Tent of *Macedon* :  
Here shall I find my Love, my dear *Amintas* !

*Enter Agenor.*

*Agen.* Whither, fair Nymph ?

*Eliza.* I hasten to the King—— [going.]

*Agen.* (stopping her) You cannot see him now.

*Eliza.* Is he not there, in *Alexander's* Tent ?

*Agen.* You to that Tent can no Admission gain.

*Eliza.* I go, but from *Amintas* don't conceal  
My fond Impatience.

*Agen.* I will not conceal it.

*Eliza.* But say, does my *Amintas* talk of me ?

*Agen.* He does, most tenderly.——But prithee hence.

A I R.

*Eliza.* Barbarian, can you see my Pain,  
Thus parted from my Love,  
And grant me not some Light to gain:  
That may my Doubts remove.  
Can you then see me so distress'd,  
And yet no Pity shew,  
What Heart must dwell in such a Breast  
Unmov'd at so much Woe. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE IV,

Agenor, *solus*.

*Agen.* Ye Gods, in the great Heart of *Alexander*  
Second my Intercession for *Ithamiris*.——

*Enter Amintas, with Guards.*

*Agen.* But whither goes my King in so much Haste?

*Amin.* I thought that at a Distance I had seen *Eliza*:  
Why appears she not?

*Agen.* She's gone,

*Amin.* Gone! whither? I'll overtake her. [*is going*.

*Agen.* Hold! (*stops him*) Sir, you must not.

*Amin.* How?

*Agen.* I say you must not.

*Amin.* Who dares say that? Can aught restrain a King?

*Agen.* Yes, his own Greatness, Justice, Virtue, Fame,  
The public Good, his Conscience, and his Duty.

*Amin.* Thou strick'st on Truth, *Agenor*.

A Monarch's Fame lives in his People's Happiness

Desert should never go without Reward.

Peace, should with Streams of Commerce bless the Land,  
And War, should Crown the Soldier's Toil with Glory.

A I R.

*When Peace waves her Ensigns of Snow o'er the Land,  
And Commerce approaches in Triumph the Strand,  
Let the Brave to whose Valour the Prospect we owe,  
Be rewarded and share in the Blessings which flow.*

II.

*When the Soul stirring Drum, and the Trumpet of War,  
With the Clangor of Arms are banished far;  
Be the Soldier remember'd who valiently fought,  
Our Ease, Wealth and Pleasure his Gallantry taught.*

SCENE



SCENE V.

*Enter Alexander with Attendants.*

*Alex. Agenor.*

*Amin.* Thus, noble Sir, permit me at your Feet,  
To kiss that Hand which rais'd me to a Throne.

*Alex. (binders him)* No take a Friend's Embrace—  
'Tis I'm your Debtor since to you I owe  
The Pleasure to perform an Act of Justice.

*Amin.* Ye Gods! how shall a Shepherd fill a Throne?

*Alex.* By guiding, with a Shepherd's Care your People.

*Amin.* Heav'n grant that on the Throne  
I may some Honour  
Reflect both on the Giver and the Gift.

*Alas I R.*

*Amin.* Ye Gods, to me, a lowly Plant,  
O give Improvement Scope  
That fully I may answer, grant,  
My Cultivator's Hope.

*Now let me now set in rich Land,  
Forget my Native Wood,  
Much less the kind parental Hand,  
Whence flow'd my present Good.*

[Exit.

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

Alexander, Agenor.

*Agen.* For fair *Thamiris*, now's my Time to speak.  
(*Aside.*)

*Alex.* Long Intervals of Rest the Spur of Glory,  
Will not admit, to Morrow then, *Agenor*,  
After I've crown'd the King, *Sidon* I mean  
To leave; and yet unsatisfied I go  
That young *Thamiris*, like her Father should  
Distrust my Clemency and by her Flight  
Proclaim her Terrors, greatly now disturb me.

*Agen.* Great Sir, you yet may exercise your Goodness,  
On that deserving Object, fair *Thamiris*,  
Has only lain conceal'd, and is at Hand.

*Alex.* Haste, bring her to my Presence: Lose no Time.

*Agen.* I go. (*going*)

*Alex.* --But hold! A Thought this Moment strikes me,  
It shall be so. 'Twill be a fit Alliance.  
Quick to *Thamiris*. Tell her that this Day,  
I mean to place the Crown upon her Head,  
And give her Hand to the new King.

*Agen.* Her Hand?

*Alex.* Yes, and thus, *Amintas*,  
Will mount the Throne. And yet *Thamiris* not  
Descend from her own Dignity--'Tis fixt.

*Agen.* Heav'ns! What a stroke of angry Fortune's  
this! (*Aside.*)

*Alex.* You turn all pale and make no Answer to me;  
How can you disapprove so just a Sentence?

A I R.

*Alexan.* If Happiness through me they gain;  
I have not conquer'd then in vain,  
'Tis o'er the Hearts I wish to Reign.  
The greatest glory I've in view,  
From Victory is good to do.

[Exit.]

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

Agenor, *solus.*

Am I awake, or is it dire Illusion,  
 That mocks my Soul--no, 'tis the Stroke of Fate,  
 And all the Heavenly Pow'rs conspire my Ruin.  
 And must I yield her to a Rival's Arms,  
 Myself resign the blushing, blooming Maid,  
 Life of my Life, and dearer than my Soul!  
 The King, my Friend, my Rival! Cruel Stars,  
 Why plunge me in intolerable Woe!  
 Pardon me Prince, if Love asserts its Rights,  
 The Lover, not *Agenor*, is the Rebel,  
 And Life and my *Thamiris* twine together.

A I R.

*Agen.* Thus the Sailor, Eyes agbass,  
 The Terrors of the roaring Blast,  
 The swelling Surge and crashing Mast,  
 In Death he hopes to lose his fears,  
 But ah! to me, no Hope appears,  
 To Calm my Soul, and End my Fears.

SCENE

## S C E N E V I I I.

*Enter Amintas.*

*Amin.* Where is *Eliza*? Would that I could see her.

*Agen.* Far other Care must now employ your Mind;  
You must forget *Eliza*—.

*Amin.* *Eliza*?—'Tis impossible.

*Agen.* He whom the Gods have cholen for a Throne—.

*Amin.* Perish ten thousand Scepters, thousand Thrones,

E'er I prove false to Constancy and Love,  
E'er I forget, or am divided from her.

## A I R.

*Amin.* *When lowly on the rural Plain,*  
*I watch'd my Fleecy care,*  
*With Smiles she chear'd the humble Swain,*  
*Nor scorn'd my Vowes to hear.*  
*Shou'd Kings possess a worthless Mind,*  
*Or bear a treach'rous Heart?*  
*Our Souls by Love alone were join'd,*  
*And Death alone shall part.*

*Agen.* Hah! 'Tis *Eliza*, let us streight retire,  
In pity to yourself remain not here.  
Your Presence sure, wou'd cause her instant Death,  
Shou'd you, accolt her, unexpected, now,  
Ere I disclose a Secret, yet conceal'd.

*Amin.* Her Death! My Blood runs cold; I Freeze  
with horror.

*Agen.* Let us then haste away; for once, my Lord,  
Forgive the Boldness of my honest Zeal.

*Agenor takes Amintas by the Hand. and is hurrying him away, on one Side; while Eliza is entering on the other: But is himself stopp'd by Thamiris, who meets him, upon which they all form the following Scene.*

SCENE



## SCENE IX.

Amentas, Agenor, Eliza, Thamiris.

*Tham.* Agenor, whither fly you?

*Agen.* Oh ye Fates!

*Eliza.* Amintas! Hear me.

*Agen.* Princess! (To *Tham.*)

*Amin.* My Love! (To *Eliza.*)

*Tham.* Is this thy Love, thus to neglect *Thamiris*?  
(To *Agenor.*)

*Eliza.* How could you let me pine so long in absence?  
(To *Amin.*)

*Tham.* You sigh. (To *Agenor.*)

*Eliza.* Why are you silent? (To *Amin.*)

*Tham.* But yet speak. (To *Agenor.*)

*Agen.* I wou'd---But cannot.

*Eliza.* Speak, let me entreat you. (To *Amintas.*)

*Amin.* I dare not.

*Tham.* How!

*Eliza.* Say, what can this import?

*Agen.* Too much we have to tell, alas, too much.---

Leave us alone, together for a Moment,

Ah! Let us breathe in Peace our secret Woes.

*Eliza.* I see, I'm slighted. Yes; those alter'd looks  
(To *Amintas.*)

Tell me, your Crown has robb'd me of your Heart.

*Tham.* What, is *Agenor* false to his *Thamiris*!

*Eliza.* *Amintas* too, ungrateful to his Love!

## QUARTETTO.

*Eliza* to *Amin.* You mine, alas, no longer are.

*Tham.* to *Agen.* Ah me! Your Love must end!

C

*Amin.*

*Amin.* to *Eliza*. Oh Heav'ns, such killing Sounds  
forbear.

*Agen.* to *Tham*. Your Words my Soul do rend.

*Eliza*. Have I then lost my faithful Swain?

*Tham*. My true Love, fled is he?

*Amin.* and *Agen*. My Heart is bursting with the  
Pain.

*All*. What will become of me?

*Amintas and Agenor go out one Way, Eliza and Tha-*  
*miris, another.*

*End of the Second A C T.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Inside of a large Grotto in a Rock.*

*Enter Agenor, Amintas.*

Agen. **D**O I, my King, irresolute still find you?  
Amin. No.

Agen. You have then determin'd your  
fixt Purpose?

Amin. I have. I'm ready.

Agen. How?

Amin. To do my Duty.

Agen. Happy Amintas; What a Store of Blifs,  
Has Heav'n decreed you in your beauteous Partner?  
She's worthy the Affections of a Monarch.

Amin. I know her worth, Agenor; nor would take  
A Throne without her Lustre to adorn it.

A I R.

Amin. *Husband, indeed, and Lover too,  
From Faith I ne'er will swerve,*

Omitted in the  
Performance. { *But constantly with Ardor true,  
My Heart for her preserve.  
And justy too, for while She's kind,  
My Soul that's all her own,  
No Sov'reign Joy, no Blifs, can find,  
Except in her alone.*

[Exit.]

C 2

SCENE

SCENE II.

Agenor, *solus*.

**Agen.** At length, I to my Sighs may give a Vent,  
And pour at ease my bursting Heart. O Heav'ns!  
**Dearest Thamiris!** Must I lose you thus?

SCENE



SCENE III.

Eliza, Agenor.

*Eliza.* Hear me, *Agenor*, I'm alarm'd, distracted!  
What can these idle Tales, these Rumours mean,  
That, on this Day, the Nuptials of *Amintas*  
Are with *Thamiris* fixt? I'll ne'er believe it.

*Agen.* Alas! it is no Fiction, fair *Eliza*,  
It is too True.---

*Eliza.* No---'tis impossible,  
You must have been deceiv'd. Whence know you  
this?

*Agen.* Ev'n from himself.

*Eliza.* And is *Amintas* false?

*Agen.* Your Grief, fair Nymph,  
Is just, but unavailing. Pray, take Comfort.

*Eliza.* Comfort to me? Alas! Even Hope has left  
me.

To *Alexander*, to Mankind, to Heav'n;  
I will for Favour, Pity, Justice, cry.

A I R.

*Eliza.* I from my Shepherd ever part!

O no, forbid it, Love!

He cannot have so hard a Heart,

My Death t'would surely prove.

While then another has my Swain,

You bid me comfort take;

And with false Pity of my Pain,

A cruel Sport you make.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Thamiris, Agenor.

Tham. Agenor!

Agen. O Assist me Heav'ns!

Tham. To you, (*Ironically*)

To you, it seems, Agenor, is *Thamiris*,  
Indebted for a Kingdom.

Agen. 'Tis to you the Kingdom stands indebted for  
Acceptance.

A I R.

Tham. If you yourself give me away;  
And in another's Arms entbrall me,  
In what am I to blame I pray?  
Why do you cruel call me?  
My Patience your Example be;  
Who, left, don't yet complain,  
Nor offer to insult, you see,  
And call your faithless Swain.

Exit.

Tham. Why the great News not bring to me your-  
self? (*Ironically.*)

Agen. The sight of that fair Face might have se-  
duc'd

Me from my Duty.---Mighty Queen, farewell.

Tham. Yet hear one Word.

Agen. I must not hear you Speak.

D U E T T O.

Agen. ---Adieu, my Queen! Remember me,  
When in your happy Days;

Tham. What of this Haste the Cause may be,  
Does much my Wonder raise.

Agen. The Cause too well you know.

Tham. Agenor say not so.

Agen. } Together. } To slay would be my Death,

Tham. } } Why should it be your Death?

SCENE

SCENE V.

*The Palace of Alexander.*

*Amidst the loud Harmony of a Martial Air, Alexander enters, Agenor and Thamiris preceded by Macedonian Commanders and the Nobility of Sidon. After all have entered and arranged themselves properly, one of the Sidonian Noblemen steps forward, addressing himself both to the Macedonian Commanders and Sidonian Nobles.*

— MARCH —

CHORUS.

*Long live great Hero, to expand  
O'er vanquish'd Worlds thy dread Command;  
While Tyrants conquer to destroy,  
'Tis thou diffusest Peace and Joy!  
Sidon this Day, extolls thy Name,  
Enlarg'd her Bliss as is thy Fame!*

DUETTO.

Agen. & } { *Her latest Annals shall display*  
Tham. } { *Thy Virtues equal to thy Sway.*

*Chorus da Capo.*

*Alex. With conscious Pleasure I receive the Honour  
Which your Applauses give for my Well-doing.*

*AIR.*

A I R.

*Propitious Heav'ns! who're pleas'd each Day,  
 Fresh Laurels to impart;  
 Second, moreo'er, I ardent pray,  
 Th' impulses of my Heart!  
 If I a Star of Glory blaze,  
 Rais'd by your Pow'r divine;  
 O grant that of such Star the Rays,  
 For gen'ral good may Shine!*

*Alex.* But whence comes this Delay?  
 The Sun apace declines, why does not the new King  
 appear?

Where is *Thamiris*?

*Tham.* At your Royal Feet.

*Alex.* Are you the Princess?

*Tham.* Whom you seek am I.

*Agen.* This, Sir, is she.

*Tham.* In me do you behold  
 A Debtor to your Worth.

[to Alexander.

*Alex.* The Deed itself

Is it's Reward to me.

*Tham.* Agenor, Sir,  
 Has to his Love preferr'd my Greatness.

*Alex.* You lov'd her then?

[to Agenor.

*Agen.* Hear her, then think if justly I the Throne  
 Could of a Soul so great deprive.

SCENE



S C E N E VI.

*Enter Eliza, and throws herself at Alexander's Feet.*

*Eliza.* Justice, Sir, Justice! Pity! and Protection!

*Alex.* [*raising her*] Rise, beauteous Maid, and freely  
tell your Wrongs.

*Eliza.* I am *Eliza*,  
Come to implore from *Alexander's* Hands  
Redress for Injuries, a Heart oppress'd!

*Alex.* But against whom complain you?

*Eliza.* Against thee.

*Alex.* Against me, how?  
Say how have I ever wrong'd you.

*Eliza.* Of my Quiet:  
My every Good; I live but in *Amintas*,  
And 'tis *Amintas*, that you wou'd force from me.

*Alex.* *Amintas*!

*Eliza.* Yes, from Infancy our Hearts  
Have been united——Yes, his Heart is mine  
By long Possession, and by plighted Faith.

*Alex.* It was the Swain *Amintas* gave his Heart.  
The King *Amintas* wou'd disdain to give it.

SCENE

## S C E N E    T H E    L A S T .

*Just as Alexander has spoken these last Words, enters Amintas, overhearing him. He is dress'd in his Shepherd's Habit, and follow'd by Shepherds, who bring in the Crown, &c. &c.*

*Amin.* Sir, I am Amintas, and a Swain still.

*Alex.* How!

*Amin.* These Marks of Royalty see at your Feet.  
Still in my Shepherd's Garb, I joyfully to my  
Poor Flock and my lost Peace return.

*Alex.* Is not *Thamiris* then—

*Amin.* *Thamiris*, Sir,  
Of a King's Heart is worthy, but *Eliza*  
Chose me when I was but a Shepherd, Sir,  
And now a King, I ought not to abandon her.

## A I R.

*Vows of Love will ever bind,  
Men who are to Honour true;  
They possess a Savage Mind  
Who deny the Fair their due.  
Scorn'd, detested may I be,  
When I from Eliza part;  
Thrones and regal Dignity  
Can't corrupt my faithful Heart.*

*Alex.* Such gen'rous Lovers, *Alexander* never  
Will separate; here, *Amintas*, do you take  
The fair *Eliza*; and do you *Thamiris*  
Reward *Agenor's* Constancy and Faith.

*[to Amintas and Eliza.]*

In *Sidon*, your own Country, you shall reign.

*Agen. & Tbam.* O truly great!

*Amin. & Eliza.* O nobly just!

AIR.

Eliza. *Transporting Joy! elate my Mind!  
Who can their Bliss compare,  
With that this Hero has assign'd  
To be our copious share?  
Ye Powers divine, Oh, lend me aid,  
My grateful Heart to shew;  
If Gifts so great can be repaid  
I pray to teach me how!*

Alex. But now  
At length, let *Sidon* see her Sovereign crown'd.

Amin. What in this Garb?

Alex. Yes, in that Garb! 'tis likely,  
Not by meer Chance, has Heaven so ordain'd it,  
That you should wear, just at this Point of Time,  
What, mystically, may perhaps portend  
The happy Tenour of your future Reign;  
A ROYAL SHEPHERD is a Nation's Blessing!

# CHORUS.

*Though from a Cottage to a Throne,  
Amintas mounts by Heav'n's high will;  
Unalter'd, may he yet be known,  
And be the ROYAL SHEPHERD still.*

THE END.



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The first of these is the fact that the  
 second of these is the fact that the  
 third of these is the fact that the  
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END